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POEMS OF WAR AND PEACE

By ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

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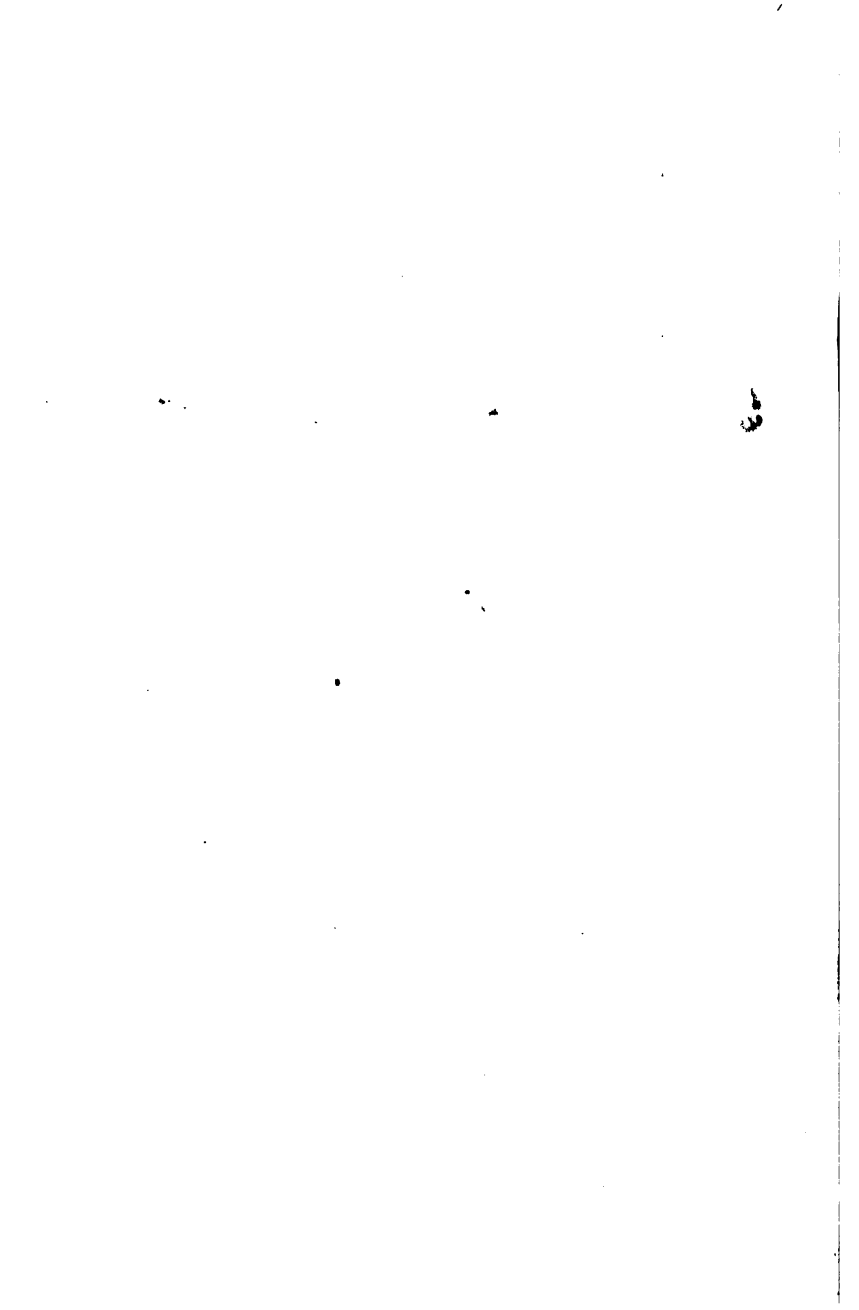
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POEMS OF WAR AND PEACE

ENLARGED FROM
THE FIRST EDITION

INCLUDING THE PANAMA ODE, THE
CORRIDORS OF CONGRESS, POEMS
OF THE GREAT WAR, A TEACHER,
THE LITTLE ROOM OF DREAMS, ETC.

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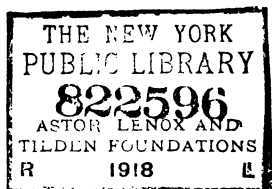
BY
ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON
AUTHOR OF "SAINT-GAUDENS: AN ODE, AND OTHER VERSE,"
"ITALIAN RHAPSODY, AND OTHER POEMS OF ITALY"
MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS



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1917
per

[Handwritten flourish]



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ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

ROY W. JOHNSON
DUBLIN
Ireland

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**THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED
TO THE IDEAL
IN PATRIOTISM, ART, AND
THE AFFECTIONS**

GOETHALS OF PANAMA

I

SERVANT of Man, well done !
Thy war of peace is won.
The dream of continents five and centuries four
Is dream no more.

Once, on a waiting "peak in Darien,"
Obscure till then,
But made immortal by a single line
Of verse divine,
Bold Balboa, following the lure
Of fell Adventure's backward-glancing eyes,
Found the new wonder that he sought.
What did he not endure
That still another watery realm
He thus might add as kingdom to the Spanish helm !
Oh, joy supreme of half-divined surprise !—
When, foremost climber, to his heart he caught
The virgin sight of that uplifted sea,
As new, as free,
As though it had but just begun to be.
Then, as he knelt, a second dream there came :
The "wild surmise"
His silent followers felt, but could not frame.
For who could see so near those oceans flow
But wish them mated—nay, but see them so ?

I

Did he not dream that, far beneath, some day,
The hungry waters would devour a way
 To slip his caravels and shallops through
 From Cadiz to the riches of Peru?
How could he guess that it would be mankind,
 Not Nature, that would find
In that Herculean toil a labor to its mind;
 And do with zest, ere infant grew to man,
 What only geologic ages can;
That what in him was vague, prophetic fancy
 Thy modern necromancy—
Thy will, thy wisdom, and the art
Of thy unconquerable heart,
 With Love and Duty pure,—
Would make forever real and secure;
That Bounteous Fortune on that distant height,
 Where Occident with Orient meets,
Her faith anew to all the world would plight,
Beckoning with either hand to myriad-masted fleets?
There let her statue crown a crowning tower
Like to the topmost flower
 Upon a tropic tree,
 For every ship of every land to see.
There some shall speak of Balboa, some of Keats
 (For one must find and one must celebrate);
Others shall ponder long the fame and feats
Of him who forced the bars of that reluctant gate—
Contenting whether he was great;
 But all in perpetuity
Shall bless the names of Gorgas and of thee!
 Servant of Man, well done!

II

SINCE that first dream how long, how weary-long
Crept the slow, lonely centuries, with no heed
Of the premonitory need
Of that forgotten and neglected land—
Years like to years as waves upon that sleepy strand.
Now, through thy sympathetic strife,
The dozing Tropic is no more ;
The world is at its door.
At last it is adjoined to Life,
To Freedom, and the brood
Of Human Brotherhood.
This is the meed
Of richer triumph in thy deed,—
The nation's pride that soon shall be a pride without
alloy :
That far beyond the Zone—
Ours only for the world to own,
Since that belongs to all that all alike enjoy—
By bond assured, not word of mouth,
We shall draw closer to the chivalrous South,
Reaching our hands in friendship, not in greed.
This is the leaping gladness in our song :
That, for the human throng
Who still, in every land, are slaves to ancient wrong,
Half realized, half understood,
Each sun may rise to greet a greater good.
There is a destiny in every need of man,
Though long, oh, weary-long

It wait in patience for the strong.
Who grasp it not may honor him who can :
Servant of Man, well done !

III

SOLDIER of Peace, all hail !
No longer by the Desperate Cape
Need the fagged mariner, within the maw
Of noonday darkness and the windy shape
Of winter gale,
Reef with his frozen hands the solid sail,
Praying, or cursing, as he thinks on pleachéd
Panama.
More hopefully shall Commerce now let slip
Her homing pigeons, knowing every ship
Hath chance of fairer sky
Whether its course shall lie
From Oregon's dark forests to the cheer
Of proud Manhattan, bright and clear ;
From London's sooty docks to many an isle of fear
That long has scarred the Western sea, but now
shall quicklier rise
Through Love and Law an earthly Paradise.
No longer shall the bark illimitably roam
That follows half the globe from Java or Japan ;
And they for lagging craft who gaze,
As only lovers can,
Shall count with blessing all the dwindling days
That bring the wandering heart the sooner home.

Now shall be saved not one mere month, but June!
Not three, but Love's long winter of delight!
Beauty of mountain, meadow slope and dune,
As grateful to the welcome traveler's sight
As the recaptured glory of a tune.

Now for a while shall he remain content,
As Life were meant
For fireside voyage or the Muses' flight—
High with Beethoven, or with Shakespeare far;
As if the lore of Fez or Zanzibar
Were that some curly-head
A little longer may delay the hour of bed,
Devouring tales in wonder, to be dreamed in
dread.

IV

SINCE the world's turbulent prime
One war has never ceased—the war with Time:
Our one right war of conquest, yielding spoil
Of years, of hours, of minutes. Why this toil
To be companion to the cloud,
To whisper with the Antipodes,
And, where no blade had ever plowed,
To carve a path for argosies?
Why should we win, at equal cost
Of take and give,
Of gained and lost,
Leisure for leisure, but more worthily to live?

Why agonize and struggle for repose,
Remote, uncertain, and unseen,—
If we impose
On every bud the fury to be rose ;
Spy on the seed to witness if it grows ;
Despoil the silver dawn of its serene ;
Startle the quiet dusk ; like Phaëton
Lashing the hours that draw the lagging sun ?
Were it worth while the precious years to save
That we may madly gallop to the grave ?
Oh, time, time, time !—boon that we daily crave
And waste in craving, losing as we save.
Misers of all beside, our spendthrift strife
Flings to each passing wind time that alone is life.

Now have we need of days for nobler use
Than savage barter, or patrician food,
Or ease that only childish joys amuse,
Or lawless pleasure mixed with manners rude.
For while we ponder progress, half the world
Has turned volcano, and aside has hurled
All that long ages built upon its heights.
Not time but life is squandered ; and the half
Of all the wheat is winnowed with the chaff.
From trusted harbors the familiar lights
By which we steered to safety have gone out
And left our laden hopes in drifting doubt.
Death, that was once God's servant, now is
Man's
And at his bidding speeds his monstrous
plans.

O marvel never sung to any lyre!
O certainty incredible and dire!
That one with anger thus could set his age on fire!
Of those who with cathedral-patience sought
Our liberty to buttress and uplift,
Who could have thought
The downward plunge to chaos was so swift?

Is life a false gem in our treasure store
Once richly prized, now richly prized no more,
And souls but sands beneath the waves of war?
Come, country of my heart, lest thy pure
pledge
Of hope to the unborn be sodden sacrilege,
Cry, though the cannon echoes, "Peace,
peace, peace!"
Summon thy hosts that kill not but increase:
Firm Justice, calm of Wisdom, fear of
Wrong;
Courage of Science, constancy of Law;
The poise of Knowledge and the glow of
Song;
Religion's solace, Doubt's still reverent awe;
Beauty, the smile of God, Music, His voice.
Oh, may these hold us sane and true,
Lift us from tears and teach us to rejoice,
Throw wide our prison doors
Self-built of jealousy and fear;
That ruined empires may through us renew
The long, slow march toward that millennial
year

When men shall be of universal love the
willing servitors.

v

O SOLDIER of our Peace,
If in this conflict thy great work shall be
Not thoroughfare of Honor and Amity,
But route of Conquest, avenue of Hate,
Way of Cupidity and road to Wrong,
Better those hills had never heard the din
Of steam and rivet, and the strong
And jubilant song
Of thy triumphant army, with one purpose kin.
Before it be too late
Adjourn the exultation of the State:
Let it await
An Age of Reason's more propitious date.
Borrow a lustrum to undo the toil,
Unhinge each mighty gate
And let it rust supine on desecrated soil.
Turn the robbed waters backward to the sea,
If in their magic mirror there shall be
No worthier vision of futurity.
The path to wonders, the alluring track,
Unto the jungle mournfully give back,
And let the lazy Isthmus creep
Again in misty silence to its sleep,
Until some sullen earthquake, like a god
Offended, where man's impious foot has trod,

Unwilling to be warder of his bones,
Indignantly regurgitates the cyclopèan stones.

VI

SOLDIER of Peaceful War!

Forgive us if our doubt shall mar
Thy victory, that has neither blot nor scar:
'T is for the moment, when the Muse's gaze
Wanders from thee. Our country is so dear
Her lovers may indulge a lover's fear.
Forgive us, too, a final word of praise:
That in these troublous days
Thy hand has written for the world to learn
A symphony of Labor, where we may discern
Life as a grander music than before.
Up to the heights that hide the sun
We hear the chorded tumult soar,
The cheer of morning ardor well begun—
A hundred instruments that blend as one:
The dominant whistle and the whirring wheel;
The ringing peal
Of falling steel on steel;
The rhythmic hammer and the trilling chain,
With intervals as palpable as pain;
The pulsing engine, the insistent drill,
Treble of steam and bass of roaring train,
With Echo making fugue from hill to hill.
O loyal orchestra by great composer led!
Thy touch on every string and key

Has wrought this noble minstrelsy,
 Giving a soul to brass and wood inert or dead,
 Till all confusions were in beauty wed,
 And in the players and the theme
 One harmony arose supreme—
 Ungrudging service sounding like a psalm.
 For this the palm!
 Soldier of Peace, well done!

VII

BROTHER of Man, all hail!
 Through such as thee and those that with thee
 wrought
 The world is daily saved—ay, ever saved shall be.
 Not by some magic alchemy
 By bended sages through the centuries sought;
 Not by some cloistered mystery of life;
 But by the sheer necessity of strife,
 The long, unsacred treadmill of routine.
 Oh, more puissant than the authentic mien
 Of sceptred king or queen,
 The virtues of the humble, ages-old,
 That, like the Milky Way, forever hold
 Their darkest night within a net of gold:
 A natural faith the bookman cannot daunt,
 Work, patience, discipline, the comradeship of
 want,
 And simple love assuaging sorrow gaunt.
 Great is Invention! Do its annals mark

A single virtue newer than the Ark?
 Praise, then, the staunch, the overpitied poor,
 Who from their riches yet may save the rich,
 And something dearer than the Koh-i-noor
 Find for them in the mine or in the ditch.
 Happy the hands that have but clinging soil
 Of honest earth, unstained by blood or wrong,
 That make a knighthood of their iron toil,
 And even from a pittance save a song.
 No overseer of Egyptian brood,
 But comrade of their swarthy day, wert thou.
 Of all that digged or hewed
 None feared thy frown or for thy favor sued,
 For lambent justice dwelt beneath thy brow.
 Thy gentle strength, thy kindly calm,
 Were for their bruises satisfying balm.
 For this, to them and thee, the palm!

VIII

SERVANT of Man, well done!
 Thy war of Peace is won.
 The dream of continents five and centuries four
 Is dream no more.

Now to new visions, than the old
 More wonderful and bold.
 Let sage and seer
 Into the dark more confidently peer,
 To find the boon in every shape of fear,

The cure that Nature holds for every hurt.
Now let some stripling, venturous and alert,
Trailing a wilder thought
Than Science yet has sought,
Startle shy Knowledge from her inner lair.
Our best, that first was but a castle in the air,
Let it be strong as fair.
Come true all happy tales to children told,
And cloth-of-frieze be turned to cloth-of-gold.
Let the imprisoned mind
But beat upon its bars, 't will find
The painted barriers made to break, not bind.
Man is Imagination's only heir :
His messengers of Dream and Dare
He launches from the teeming port of Night
To overtake the flight
Of fleet-winged Progress, laden with new might,
Which to the foremost she lets fall,
The prize of one, the wealth of all.

Who can foretell what blessing may not hap
From this one hair-breadth line upon the map?
What treasure have we was not first a dream?
Seeing the Future but in flash and gleam,
Doubt we To-morrow? On the once-veiled track
Of opulent Yesterday, look back !
The arsenal of our courage is the Past—
The unforgotten great that did not yield,
The unremembered many left upon the field,
Each loyal to his vision to the last.

IX

THEN come with pomp and joy of color-streaming
ships,
With shouts of their unshotted iron lips,
With choral song and no unnoble speech,
The good of all eclipsing good of each,
And, while like incense is the smoke upcurled,
Let this our child be sponsored by the world.

Then dedicate to dreams this dream fulfilled :
To Hope, the dream on which all dreams we build,
To Honor, what in honor was conceived,
To Brotherhood, whereby it was achieved,
To Peace, that there no hostile gun may sound
And all the Earth at last be holy ground ;
Ay, to that dream of dreams, most strangely
wrought,—
To Man, the Almighty's most amazing thought.

O Soldier of the blameless sword !
Who serves mankind is servant of the Lord.
Servant of God, well done !

1914-15.

THE CORRIDORS OF CONGRESS

(REVISITED IN VACATION)

TREAD soft, intruding step, this empty haunt
Of swirling crowds has sanctity of grief ;
Precincts of sadness are these gilded halls—
The silent crypts of far and turbulent years.
These stairways have been treadmills of despair,
Runways of greed these narrow passages—
The skirmish-lines of battles fought within,
Where many a hope, sore-wounded, struggled on
To perish in the din of others' joy.

Let Fancy listen at these listening walls
And give us back the record that they bear,—
These phonographs of sorrow, where are writ,
In Time's attenuated echoes, sounds
Not louder than the falling of a tear
Or sigh of lovers hiding from pursuit.
Fancy, our finer ear, may here disclose
Whispers of corner-born conspiracies ;
The embrasured window's furtive interview ;
The guarded plot ; the treacherous promise given ;
The tragedy that here was masked as hope.
Here the dark powers conspired, using as bribes
Our dearest virtues—goodness, friendship, love.
Here many who came with dawn upon the brow,
A voice of confidence, a knightly port,
Noble expectancy in every step,
Their own ambition with their country's, one,
Forgot their holy dreams beneath the stars,

Sunk in a noonday stupor of prudent air,
Or, caught by tyrannous currents of routine,
Swept, first resisting, then resisting not,
Into that pleasant land of Compromise
That neighbors Hell.

Here is the dryasdust
Who thinks in dollars, scorning sentiment ;
The township patriot, letting terrors rage
If only he be safe ; the timid good
For whose slow suffrage all the bold contend ;
The velvet orator whose magniloquence,
Prick it with wit, runs streams of Privilege ;
The soft-shod schemer, voice behind his hand,
And flattering arm about his victim's neck ;
The vulgar blusterer, to whom we trust
The jewel of the nation's dignity,
Who cannot guard his own ; and, faithful clog
About the feet of Progress, he who spurns
All as exotic not in his dooryard found,
Holding the riches of the world as toys :
Books as expedients to divert the mind
From the dull scenery 'twixt town and town ;
Art as an adult's picture-book, and Verse
But as a quarry for a funeral speech.

But one may read a cheerier record here :
The statesman rare, compact of bold and wise,
Loving his country like an ancient Greek,
Physician to the body politic,
And with physician-chivalry so imbued
The honest crave his voice, and every rogue
Reckons him enemy ; the sturdy drudge

Who knows the elusive fact cannot be caught
In nets of intuition,—sentinel
Upon the nation's treasure-castle walls,
Alert to stealthy peril in the night
From Waste the Traitor as from Greed the Foe;
The civic soldier, fighting for his land
As truly as the veteran who defied
Ambush of fen or forest, standing firm
To conscience' needle, though from every point
The shifting winds be clamoring for the wrong.
Oh, there 's a bravery greater than the assault
On ramparts flaming death when but the touch
Of comrade's shoulder gives the heart support,
When every leaping impulse to go on
Is multiplied to madness by the crowd,
And Life is but an alms by Duty flung.
Peace needs the stouter heart, the cooler mind;
The truceless warfare on the soul's frontiers
Calls for a lonelier fortitude; and oft
The man that will not yield an inch to blows
Can keep no barrier to tears. He that, alone,
Would feed his body to the hungry fire,
Let but a loved one plead, his will is wax.
Oh, in the unimpassioned scales of Time
More than the courage of momentum weighs
The courage of resistance, when to yield
Is easy as to breathe, and angels urge
"Only do naught and let the devil pass."

What Iliads of siege these walls could tell!
What shattered lines a hundred times retrieved
From lingering defeat—now by the swords,

Now by the shields, of some sworn group of knights—
To sweep at last to wreathèd victory!
What single combats while the hosts looked on!
What hopes forlorn that failed so gloriously
That History dropped her stylus to admire!

Of all the hands that held our fasces up,
I mind me of one servant of the State
Who walked these halls erect in body and mind.
Not to corroding ease he gave his days
But paid his country, coin for coin, in toil.
Her cut-purse enemies within her gates,
Her gentlemanly murderers of men's souls,—
Who with foul gold would poison every fount
Of Hope and Justice we have built for all,—
And their accomplices who smilingly
Betray a nation to oblige a friend,
Him came not nigh with their accursed arts,
To tempt, to beg, to threaten, to cajole.
Though richly gifted, he disprized his gifts—
Far vision, loyal reasoning, kindling speech,
And true intent that pilots in the dark.
Not faultless, he could frankly own his fault,
And salve with candor the impetuous wound.
While he was speaking nothing seemed of worth
But the high path he trod—not happiness,
Nor peace, nor love, nor leisured luxury,
Nor that acclaim of many called success,
But to be leader in the march of Man.
With more ambition, he had been of those
Who from its trance of comfort wake the world,
And leave a name to stir the pulse of youth.

Thoughtless of fame,—without the artist-sense
Of the deed's value miscalled vanity—
He left to chance the record of those days.
His tribute is the passionate regret
Of comrades fighting still, the respect of foes,
Who miss his swift sword and his dented shield.
Remembering how at one great breach he stood
Pleading for honor when men sued for gain,
I hear not only echoes of his voice
But strains of patriot music from the Past:
The harp of David, laureate of the Lord,
Sounding the spirit's summons to his race;
The lyre of Sophocles, half looking back
To cheer his followers, now as brave as he;
The horn of Roland, clear from brim to brim
Of Pyrenèan valleys, with its call,
“Come up and find your courage on the heights.”

ENVOI

Not only with a brother's pride and love
Weave I for him this coronal of verse—
Affection's salvage from the wreck of Time—
But with the hope that for some wavering soul,
Tempted to point of tension, it may turn
A cup of trembling to a cup of strength,
And make us prouder of the brave who guard
The walls that guard the freedom of the land.

POEMS OF THE GREAT WAR

THE COST

OF late we heard dark oracles proclaim
 In History's alluring name,
 And with no flush of shame,
The cure for all our civic ills is War!
And while they flaunt their flippant lore,
With hideous irony the hope-barred door
To Mars' red altar gapes, and forth there fare
With torch and sword the Furies, driven by one
Hailed as the god's bronze image come to life,
But, nearer seen, a pietistic Hun!
 With wild, fanatic air,
In Death's-head helmet and greaves worn with prayer,
He sets the unwilling world in myriad strife
To orphan Europe, plowing hill and mead
For Famine's harvest of the iron seed;
From that blue sea that knows no shore
On fair, defenseless towns lets slip
 The havoc of his pirate ship;
And, drowning conscience with the cannon's roar,
 Holds his frank perfidy
 As part of a divine decree,
 While with a holy rage
 He wars upon his Age,
Till the pure Alps ensanguine every sea;
Now, with a rusted key unlocks
The evils of Pandora's box;

Stills the world's music, stays its daily joys;
 Makes murderers of boys
Who yesterday made mimic murder at their toys;
 Turns brotherhood to hate,
And floors the heavens with carnage that would sate
All devils but a devil incarnate!

Greater than Bonaparte?—Yes, by a century's cost
Of lives devoured, of fireside loving lost.

.

O country mine!
Who shall seduce thee to such mad design?
A nobler vision, happier fate be thine!

August 25, 1914.

TO THE PEACE PALACE AT THE HAGUE

BUILD^ED of Love and Joy and Faith and Hope,
Thou standest firm beyond the tides of war
That dash in gloom and fear and tempest-roar,
Beacon of Europe!—though wise pilots grope
Where trusted lights are lost ; though the dread scope
Of storm is wider, deadlier than before ;
Ay, though the very floods that strew the shore
Seem to obey some power turned misanthrope.

For thou art witness to a world's desire,
And when—oh, happiest of days!—shall cease
The throes by which our Age doth bring to birth
The fairest of her daughters, heavenly Peace,
When Man's red folly has been purged in fire,
Thou shalt be Capitol of all the Earth.

September 19, 1914.

RHEIMS

I

O FORTRESS of the Spirit, and thyself
But yesterday a soul! What art thou now
But walls and memory? Thou art than Man
Not more immortal, though from dawn to dawn
Of seven centuries thou heardst the tread
Of swarming generations plodding by.
Precinct of Peace,—now torn by wanton War;
Altar where Morning might her matins say
Or Evening chant her vespers,—now o'erthrown;
Refuge for ages to the unconsolated
By all but God forsaken: who hath dared
Thy sanctuary now to violate?
Thou that wert pride and cynosure of Art,
Trumpet of History, a nation's shrine,
Christener of Kings, a yearning world's delight,—
Thy mellow voice from out the faded Past
Is silent as thy belfry's sunken choir.

For this it is, although we nightly bear
The daily burden of mankind's distress
Till the vast anguish numbs the wearied sense,
Still heavier are our heavy hearts to-day.

II

How, with cold stone and scant and loveless toil,
 Shall be rebuilt the spirit of this fane?
 Who shall recloud its aisles with mystery,
 Till the beholder views himself with awe?
 How shall spilled wine, treasure of time and sun,
 Be from the ground regathered? Who shall invent
 The arts here lost, the accent of their speech?
 Who shall replant the race, and then await
 Its centuried ripening? Mourn, oh, mourn, mourn,
 mourn

The brave that fall beneath this harvest moon
 When Death's swift sickle flies—each in his calm
 A ruined temple of the Living God!
 They, too, are gone, but not as thou art gone,
 For, though Love doubt, still clings our faith to this:
 'T is but their bodies have been slain; but here,
 Here, where the mortal craves celestial life,
 Man has been able to destroy a soul!

III

OF what avail to find the vandal hands,
 The few barbarians, by whose feeblest touch
 This deed was wrought from far? They witness well
 The paradox of life that frights our peace:
The weak is stronger than the strong! For who
 To-day so built in greatness as to be

Armored against a whim? A paltry match
By malice struck, or mischief, and the town
Rushes to sky and earth in ruin!

Yet—

Shall we absolve the nameless for the known,
Who, choosing war, chose aught that war might bring
And murdered all this hoarded beauty? No,
Though they should vaunt a thousand victories
This is their dire defeat. Here have they reached
All that ambition coveted, reversed.
Thinking on Rheims hereafter, and on them,
The world's heart shall grow leaden with dismay,
And age to age the shame reverberate
So loud, so far, that legions yet unborn,
Learning their loss, shall execrate the crime
And, grieving, mingle pity with their blame.

September 28, 1914.

TO THE SPIRIT OF BYRON

"The Niobe of nations."

CHILDE HAROLD.

I

THOU more than poet, Freedom's laureate,
Byron! Although some tyrant hand should blot
All pages that to her are consecrate
By loyal bards—thus doomed to be forgot—
Who should despair if thine were quenched not?
Oh, for thy voice when the world's heart is wrung
At Honor made a barrack-jest and plot!
To what invective hadst thou given tongue!
Mourner of Rome, what dirge for Belgium hadst thou
sung!

II

What of *her* children ravaged from her heart—
Those cities proud of lore and fair of mien:
Liège, that cradled Charlemagne; that mart
Of many seas, rich Antwerp; old Malines;
And royal Brussels seated like a queen;
Bruges the melodious, and flowery Ghent,
And wise Louvain? . . . Oh, Byron, hadst thou
seen
The tears and terror, who could be content
By lesser song than thine that grief and blame be blent?

III

Revered is Valor—ay, but Honor more.
A score of centuries doth History save
Cæsar's "brave Belgians": for how many a score
Shall live the word these to the Teuton gave
When they must choose dishonor or the grave!
They knew before they took Despair to wife,
Man's mind and not his master makes him slave.
What theme for thee, ere, Singer of Great Strife,
To Belgium thou hadst poured libation of thy life!

November 3, 1914.

THE NEW WORLD

"COME, let us make a new world," said the proud,—

"The iron image of our perfect plan.

Let those who cannot yield to those who can.

No place for tears, or pity, or the crowd
Of weaklings. Let no patriot's head be bowed

With his sire's shame: call no one courtesan

If she be breeder of the Mightier Man

Whose valor vaunts our glory far and loud."

Mad pupils of a mad philosopher,

Think ye you have but armies to subdue?

Your foe is Woman! Hear the march of her

Through centuries, from the caverns to the blue
Of visioned peaks. Wrong ruled the years that were,

But Justice, queened by Pity, rules the new.

April, 1915.

THE HAUNTING FACE

(ON THE PORTRAIT OF A CHILD LOST
IN THE "LUSITANIA")

DEAR boy of the seraphic face,
With brow of power and mouth of grace,
And deep, round eyes, set far apart,
So that the mind should match the heart!

Not Raphael's leaning cherub had
More beauty than this winsome lad,
Nor Andrea's little John more joy
Than dimpled in this darling boy.

What mother could so happy be
As not to covet such as he?
What childless passer could forego
The smiling of that Cupid's-bow?

Here promise spoke in every curve:
The wit to see, the heart to serve;
In fine proportions here did reign
An open nature, sweet and sane.

What wonder fancy vied with hope,
To read his radiant horoscope,
And find within his future deed
The rescue of some mighty need:—

A patriot, to save the State ;
A bard, to take the sting from Fate ;
A prophet, men should know not of,
To lift the fainting world by love !

Mourn those—and mourn not with despair—
Who find life's last adventure fair,
But let your treasured tears be spilled
For noble presage unfulfilled.

Mine fall unbidden as I look,
Here, upon youth's unfinished book,
And with the loss my heart is torn
As Heaven had withdrawn the morn.

Ah, could I know why over me
His spirit has such potency,
Then might I know how love began
And stays, the mystery of Man.

Child of the future! Beauty's flower!
His gentle image should have power
The conscience of a realm to wring
And haunt the pillow of a king.

June 26, 1915.

EDITH CAVELL

Room 'mid the martyrs for a deathless name!
Till yesterday, in her how few could know
Black War's white angel, succoring friend and foe—
Whose pure heart harbored neither hate nor blame
When Need or Pity made its sovereign claim.
To-day she is the world's! Its poignant woe,
We thought had been outwept, again doth flow
In tenderest tears that multiply her fame.

Oh, something there is in us yet, more bright
Than Rouen's hungry flames—that could consume
Jeanne's slender limbs but not her spirit's might.
Fate still has noble colors in her loom.
One lonely woman's courage in the night
Has sealed the savage Hohenzollerns' doom!

October 22, 1915.

SHAKESPEARE *

ENGLAND, that gavest to the world so much—
Full-breathing Freedom, Law's security,
The sense of Justice (though we be not just) —
What gift of thine is fellow unto this
Imperishable treasure of the mind,—
Enrichment of dim ages yet to be!
Gone is the pomp of kings save in his page,
Where by imagination's accolade
He sets the peasant in the royal rank.
Love, like a lavish fountain, here o'erflows
In the full speech of tender rhapsody.
He dreamed our dreams for us. His the one voice
Of all humanity. Or knave or saint,
He shows us kindred. Partisan of none,
Before the world's censorious judgment-seat
We find him still the advocate of each,
Portraying motive as our best defense.
Historian of the Soul in this strange star
Where Vice and Virtue interchange their masks;
Diviner of Life's inner mysteries,
He yet bereaves it not of mystery's charm,
And makes us all the wounds of Life endure
For all the balm of Beauty.

England, now,
When so much gentle has been turned to mad,

* Written by invitation of the British Committee of the
Shakespeare Tercentenary Celebration.

When peril threatens all we thought most safe,
When Honor crumbles, and on Reason's throne
Black Hate usurps the ermine, oh, do thou
Remember Force is still the Caliban
And Mind the Prospero. Keep the faith he taught,
Speak with his voice for Freedom, Justice, Law,—
Ay, and for Pity, lest we sink to brutes.
Shame the fierce foe with Shakespeare's noble word.
Say, England was not born to feed the maw
Of starved Oblivion. Let thine ardent youth
Kindle to flame at royal Hal's behest
And thy wise elders glow with Gaunt's farewell.
His pages are the charter of our race.
Let him but lead thy leaders, thou shalt stand
Thy Poet's England, true and free and strong:
By his ideals shalt thou conqueror be,
For God hath made of him an element,
Nearest Himself in universal power.

February 12, 1916.

EMBATTLED FRANCE

ACROSS the sea that once was free now let the message
 leap
That France has won our Western hearts, and waked
 our souls from sleep!
Proud land! No more shall we mistake the shallows
 for the deep.

They knew her not who lightly thought her frivolously
 gay—
She who first taught our grimmer world the sanity of
 play;
They saw the birds that fly the nest but not the brood
 that stay.

And we who knew and loved her true and shared her
 welcome kind—
The welcome of her heart, and more, the welcome of
 her mind—
How could we know these newer bonds that evermore
 shall bind!—

That she, the Queen of Peace serene, who sought the
 sword no more,—
That she, the Queen of Art, who keeps the key of
 Beauty's door,
More royal than her royal lines, should be the Queen
 of War!—

For, though the years have drowned in tears her
 thrones and quarterings,
She, kingless, has not lost the proud residuum of
 kings:
Noblesse oblige is written fair on every flag she flings.

Let others plead a brutal need and compromise with
 faith,
And soil the robe of honor, and make of joy a wraith,
No taint of lie shall linger in any word she saith.

They reckoned ill who thought her will was sunk in
 sloth or pride,
Who held as weak her patience and on her feuds relied.
No power can lock the scabbards where thinking
 swords abide.

Oh, there is calm of Sabbath psalm and there is calm
 of woe,
And calm of slaves who never the calm of freemen
 know,
When, though the storm may tear the wave, the sea is
 calm below.

Upon the air no martial blare proclaimed the fateful
 call;
No drum need make the summons the spirit makes to
 all;
Not softlier to the solemn earth the autumn leaflets
 fall.

With gaze that saw far things of awe she stood as in a
trance,
But faltered not before the shock of War's long-
dreaded chance,
And every soul was born again—an effigy of France!

Oh, eyes that weep in lonely sleep but show no
waking tear,
Oh, lips with their brave silences and lingering words
of cheer:
What memories of parting have made the dangers
dear!

And when the breath of icy Death sweeps like a winter
rain,
And like a scythe the iron hail cuts down the human
grain,
How bleed we with her wounded and sorrow for her
slain!

And when beside the Marne's red tide—a lioness at
bay—
She gave September unto Mars to make him holiday,
She saved with hers our kindred soil three thousand
miles away.

How we acclaim Man's sacred name, as second unto
God,
And deem our bond a brotherhood divine of cloud and
clod!
Where are men fellows but in France, save underneath
the sod?

Her heart a cup of joy filled up to greet the dancing
day,
How willingly she spilled the wine and threw the cup
away
That deserts yet unpeopled may live in peace for aye!

The triple watchword of her faith shall spread to
every land,
Till free and equal comrades th' ennobled nations
stand,
And all shall take the sacrament from her devoted
hand.

And when Hate's last far crop is past, sown broadcast
by the blind,
The memory of her chivalry shall stir in humankind
A love akin to bridal love,—the passion of the mind.

ENVOI, TO THE REPUBLIC

When Peace and Toil shall guard thy soil in all its
ancient girth,
And Freedom, by thy fortitude, has found a newer
birth,
We still shall cry, "My France, Our France, the
France of all the Earth!"

March, 1916.

**POEMS CHIEFLY OF FRIENDSHIP
OR ADMIRATION**

* *

QUID PRO QUO

WHAT will you give for Friendship? View it near :
The warp so firm, the woof so beautiful—
The very stuff of life! 'T will keep you warm
When silken Love, that takes the vagrant eye
With its smooth touch and tints of changing light,
Wears thin against the freezing winds of fate.
See, this is not of cold, mechanic weave
With showy dyes of aniline device,
But like an ancient, human tapestry,
The concord of robust and gentle tones,
Where threads of Joy are softened to content,
And even Sorrow's add a note of peace.

What will you give for Friendship? Yes, 'tis dear,
But how well worth the cost! Bid high, pay gladly.
Sure of its value, sure of your own need,
Take every risk. Three comradeships there are :
One that makes man more brother than his twin,
One that can sister woman in distress,
And one that both may share, the costliest
Because the rarest. This how few may know—
Its warmth, its beauty, its supernal charm!
To find it needs such instinct, such high thought,
Deep sacrifice, sweet ardor, holy faith.
And, then, the price!—dear treasures of the soul ;
Pearls of hid tears ; and jeweled hours lost
To absence and forever unretrieved ;

And, too, perchance, as penalty for joy,
Suspicion, the chief food of idle minds,
Invoking censure, by a cruel code
As old as envy, upon fancied faults,—
The vulgar making statutes for the pure,
As though the crow could teach the lark to sing!

What will you give for Friendship ere it pass?
If you have timid blood, plod on through life
Content with little, colder than your grave.
If you be brave and loyal, here 's my grasp,
And we 'll find heaven 'spite of foe and friend.

A SONG OF PARTING

Go not so soon, dear days
Of sunlight and of haze,
When o'er the spirit flows
The soft gray sea's repose,
And memories of distress
Yield to the air's caress.
Nights of the waning moon,
Go not so soon!

Go not so swift, fair time
Of friendship, like a rhyme
That holds in harmony
What was and what shall be.
Thou that hast brought the zest
Of animated rest,
Prolong thy perfect gift,
Go not so swift!

Go not so fast, sweet hour
Of farewell to the flower.
The mystery of eve
Within our reverie weave.
Whisper that all we see
Is naught to what shall be,
That Life, that Love shall last!
Go not so fast!

HORSEHEAD HOUSE, July, 1915.

READING HORACE

OH, were we good when we are wise!—
Or haply, wise when we are good!
But, fool or sage, some comfort lies
In knowing Horace understood
Our follies in their olden guise!

Of all the full Augustan choir
Our one contemporary bard,
Who strikes upon a silver lyre,
Where not a note is harsh or hard,
The human chords that never tire.

Live how he may, whene'er he sings
A poet is a democrat;
Down two millenniums there rings
The song of Leisure's Laureat
In praise of all the simple things.

What deep contentment broods above
That refuge in the Sabine Hills
From all that Rome was fashioned of—
Strife, envy, the luxurious ills
Men, town-imprisoned, learn to love!

Though oft he dwells on death, 't is e'er
With swift recoil to life. Joy, joy

Is all his goal! Though reefed sails dare
 The dreaded seas to Tyre or Troy,
 His placid song is foe to care.

Poor hater was he, save of greed
 And gluttons and the vulgar mind—
 (Thou votary of thy surer creed,
 Ask heaven if thou be more kind
 Than was that heart of pagan breed!)

Vowed to the laurel from the day
 The doves descried his lids supine
 And hid his limbs in leafy play;
 A nursling of the dancing vine,
 His verse was vintage gold and gay.

Give me the glowing heart, or none—
 Not friendship's altar but its fire.
 In his red veins how life did run!
 Had ever poet wiser sire?
 Had ever sire tenderer son?—

He, humble, candid, sane and free,
 Whom e'en Mæcenæ could not spoil;
 Who wooed his fields with minstrelsy
 As rich as wine, as smooth as oil,
 And kept a kiss for Lalagé.

* *

Ah, dear to me one night supreme—
 A voice he would have joyed to hear,

Its music married to his theme—

When two new-mated minds drew near
And mingled in his lilting stream.

Oh, lover of sweet-sounding words,

That in thy tones but glow and soar,
Come! * * Horace with his flocks and herds
Waits thy revealing voice. Once more
Bring back to me the brooks and birds!

GIFTS

WHEN color, fragrance, form
On the steeped sense the rose
With lavish boon bestows,
What is there left to give?

When after leaden storm
The thrush outpours the rain
Of happy song again,
What is there left to give?

When one star, brave and warm,
The sentinel of Night,
Yields to the surging light,
What is there left to give?

My rose, my thrush, my star that goes before,
What canst thou give but *more?*
Oh, live, live, live!

ORIOLE AND POET

LITTLE bird of the bruised wing,
Swept to the shelter of my door,
Torn is thy nest in the willow swing.
Hast thou forgotten how to sing?
Shall thy flash be seen in the green no more?

Come, let me bind up the bruised wing.
At my open cage-door linger long.
And if for a while near the willow swing
There be one bird less, there 'll be no less song:
Thy sorrow shall teach me how to sing.

THE SONG OF ANY LOVER

Is she fair? You ask me—me her lover!
Who can measure beauty that beguiles?
Who will stop to count his one star over?
If you would yourself the truth discover,
All you need is patience, till she smiles.

Is she true? But how could you believe me—
You who call me bondman to her wiles—
You, who taunt that Time will undeceive me?
Keep your sordid doubts, my friend, but leave me
Bondman unto Duty when she smiles.

Is she young? Who reckons age by birthdays?—
Counts his happy voyages by miles?
Better one of heaven than twenty earth-days.
She who adds new merriment to mirth-days—
She is Youth Eternal when she smiles.

A PRAYER IN THE DARK

MAKER of love and longing!
Thou fountain of our tears!
When in one night come thronging
The memories of years,
God of the fallen sparrow!
God of the mateless dove!
Give to her lonely sorrow
The solace of Thy love.

KARL BITTER

O MULTITUDE of the untimely dead,
Who somewhere find and seal the endless thread
That ever to *our* eyes must broken be—
Ye who now labor with no Death to dread:

Take to your happy ranks this new access
Of flaming spirit, this pure guilelessness.
This noble fancy, this brave loyalty
That cherished Beauty more, not Honor less:—

Him whose divining skill had power to save
Too few alas! of all our wise and brave
In bronze so true that what to-day he took
From Life, to-morrow he to History gave:—

Him in the warmth of whose inspiring word
Youth was to memorable ardor stirred,
And found so clear a path that, though the guide
No more was seen, the pilgrim never erred;—

In whom such frank simplicity did dwell
To know him little was to know him well,
Till even the passer-by shall long recall
The cheerful music of a silent bell.

Masters of Art and servitors of Song,
Who somewhere your recessionary prolong,

Forgive us if too much we mourn the man
So welcome now in your belovèd throng.

As ye are happy at his coming, we
May not dissolve in grief his memory,
But keep his faith in Beauty as our own,
With grateful joy that such a soul should be.

THE PRESIDENT

(THE PANAMA TOLLS)

He plead for honor and the country's good,
And craved "ungrudging measure" of support.
The Sages gave approval as they could,
But left to History the ungrudging sort.

CONSTANCE

FIRST time we met I saw her not : 't was night ;
But fancy read her lovely spirit right :
Soft as the dark her voice
That made my lonely heart rejoice.

When next we met, or ere I heard her speak
My fancy fared afar her like to seek :
Where had I seen that face—
In Reynolds' or in Romney's grace?

And when she spoke—most like a morning child
Waking to wonder—how her spirit smiled !
Then voice and face were one :
Music and Art in unison.

LOVE-LETTERS AT AUCTION

Of old, or knight or king,
Each feared that Time would bring
Unto the block his head.
Rest peacefully, ye dead :
Yours was a gentle crime.
Now to the block by Time
(Praise the collector's art !)
Is brought one's heart.

THE LAGGARD POET

(TO WILLIAM WATSON)

'T is said of thee—as 't were a virtue rare!—
That thou, first seeing, like fair rose on vine,
Her than the bluebell and the rose more fair,
But half a moon let pass ere she was thine.

Thou caitiff knight! What one of Arthur's clan
E'er had his love at such amazing cost?
Call thyself laggard, but no longer man—
Thou spendthrift of a priceless fortnight lost!

**LATER POEMS OF THE
GREAT WAR**

TO PADEREWSKI, PATRIOT

SON of a martyred race, that long
Has poured its sorrow into song,
And taught the world that grief is less
When voiced by Music's loveliness:
How shall its newer anguish be
Interpreted, if not by thee?

In whose heart dearer doth abide
Thy land's lost century of pride
Since triple tyrants tore in three
That nation of antiquity—
But could not lock with prison keys
The freeman's sacred memories?

Now, when thy soil lies wrecked and rent,
By cruel waves of warfare spent,
Till Famine counts so many slain
It looks on Slaughter with disdain,
However others grieve, thou show'st
The noble spirit suffers most.

Master, with whom the world doth sway
Like meadow with the wind at play,
May Heaven send thee, at this hour,
Such access of supernal power
That every note beneath thy hand
Shall plead for thy distracted land.

April 13, 1916.

THE NEW SLAVERY

(ON THE EXPATRIATION BY GERMANY OF CIVIL
POPULATIONS OF BELGIUM)

MEN of Freedom, for whose ease,
Man for man, some hero died :
Hear ye, over shuddering seas,
What the winds have sobbed and cried?
In the mirror of the moon
Have ye read the shame of noon?
Men of Freedom, hear !

Have ye heard the savage creed
Of the War Lord's iron hand :
Though the world's last drop shall bleed,
Over all, the Fatherland—
Over honor, over truth,
Over love and over ruth?
Men of Freedom, hear !

Not the Germany we knew—
Lessing's heart and Goethe's mind,
Schiller's vision, far and true,
And the peace that Kant divined ;
But a land of lords and braves—
Half of masters, half of slaves.
Men of Freedom, see !

Of another world are these—
Lords of war with hearts of lead;
Boasting of new cruelties,—
Brine for water, stones for bread.
Ye with grief and pity wrung,
These have never learned your tongue.
Men of Freedom, see!

Now the latest horror cries
Unto heaven—and unto earth!
Treble ravaged Belgium lies
Tortured for the Teuton mirth.
Was there of the Belgian heart
Left enough to tear apart?
Men of Freedom, see!

By the silent harps that hung
On the banks of Babylon,—
By the saints that Milton sung,—
By the crowns of martyrs won,—
By all human tragedies,—
By the death that exile is,
Men of Freedom, speak!

By the weakness of our great
Who bequeathed a nation's sin
To their sons to expiate,
With a soul, to lose or win;
By his strength who overthrew
That despair and held us true,
Men of Freedom, speak!

By the red of Serbia's sod ;
Poland, paved with little bones ;
Lone Armenia's wail to God ;
Widowed Europe's haunting moans ;
By the million ills that flow
From one King's choice of war and woe,
Men of Freedom, speak !

By the things ye hold most fair,
Love of home and love of breath ;
By the child's faith in his prayer ;
By things more great than Life and Death,
Lest your grave be shamed of ye,
Speak!—and . . . if the need shall be,
Men of Freedom, strike !

December 15, 1916.

THE PRICE OF HONOR

(THE COLOMBIAN INDEMNITY)

How much is a country's honor worth?
When the cynic of other lands shall scoff
At our sacred faith as a thing for mirth,
As a race of swine for a golden trough—
"Brotherhood?—only a sleeper's dream;
Liberty?—naught but escape from law;
Courage?—merely a school-boy's theme—
A sword in its sheath you will never draw";
Shall we haggle for honor and bargain and bid
And count the nails in a coffin-lid?

How much is a country's honor worth?
When we turn on the cynic and cite with pride
The Open Door for the surging earth,
With opportunity's welcome wide;
The path for all from sea to sea;
The rescued islands of east and west—
Made free, or tutored to be free;
And Hope, the friend of the worst and best;
Shall we count the value, in dollars down,
Of the jeweled stars in our country's crown?

How much is our country's honor worth?

We may reckon the census of numbers and gold
And plot and appraise the nation's girth,

But the rainbow's beauty, what hand can hold?
And the wind, is it richer for music or power?

—Oh, ye who stand at our threatened gate
And plan for its strength in a perilous hour,

The soul is the fortress of the State!
Let the land be proud with the pride of men:
Give us our measureless honor again.

February, 1917.

THE ANSWER OF THE LORD

I

“How long, O Lord, how long”—
 A myriad voices cry—
“Shall wanton powers of wrong
 Thy sacred laws defy?
The dead are like the sand,
 And woe and misery
The sea bears to the land,
 The rivers to the sea.

“The innocent are slain
 At Mercy’s bolted door;
The infant’s wail is vain,
 For pity is no more.
When shall the ruin cease
 And Thou confound the strong?
Till the white days of peace
 How long, O Lord, how long?”

II

"How long, O men, how long,
Lift ye weak hands to Me
To rid you of great wrong?
For this I left you free.
A million years have gone
To grow the perfect flower;
I reared you from the spawn
To fit you for this hour.

"I took you from the ooze
Ere yet man measured time;
I gave you mind, to choose;
I gave you soul, to climb.
I willed you unafraid
Of all,—nay, more: that ye,
Though in Mine image made,
Should not be slaves of Me.

"I gave you Law, to guide,
That needed not My hand;
With Reason, to decide,
And Conscience, to command.
Ye are not beast or tree,
Ye are not stone or clod,
Your upward path is free,
Ye are the sons of God.

"And shall ye then descend
From your divine estate
The craven neck to bend
And call the yoke your fate?
Wake from the sloth of night
And drain life's precious bowl!
The hour has come to smite,
Or lose a people's soul.

"Think not that I am dumb,
Though ye be long withstood;
Ye serve an age to come
Who war for brotherhood.
Delay not to release
The arrow from its yew:
I, who am God of Peace,
Am God of Battle, too.

"Then lift ye up stanch hearts,
Make strong your hands of skill,
And by your righteous arts
Be partners of My will.
Your breath, by Me endowed,
If need give back again,
That I once more be proud
That I have made you men."

March 3, 1917.

TO THE FIRST GUN

SPEAK, silent, patient gun !
And let thy mighty voice
Proclaim the deed is done—
Made is the nobler choice ;
To every waiting people run
And bid the world rejoice.

Tell them our heaving heart
Has found its smiting hand,
That craves to be a part
Of the divine command.
Speak, prove us more than ease or mart,
And vindicate the land.

Thine shall the glory be
To mark the sacred hour
That testifies the free
Will neither cringe nor cower.
God give thy voice divinity,
That Right be armed with Power.

Thou art not lifeless steel
With but a number given,
But messenger of weal
Hot with the wrath of Heaven.
Go earn the right to Honor's seal—
To have for Honor striven.

Lead us in holy ire
The path our fathers trod;
The music of thy fire
Shall thrill them through the sod.
The smoke of all thy righteous choir
Is incense unto God.

And when long Peace is found
And thou hast earned thy rest,
And in thy cave of sound
The sparrow builds her nest,
By Liberty shalt thou be crowned
Of all thy comrades, best.

March 23, 1917.

THE LEADER

THIS is the man they deemed of languid blood,
A schoolman versed in books, who, Hamlet-like,
Showed but heat-flashes powerless to strike—
His resolution blighted in the bud.

They knew him not—nor we, who trusted him.
See! how his brooding purpose, taking form,
Falls like swift lightning from long-gathered storm,
While fateful thunder shakes the round world's rim.

His country, stirred by him to lofty strife,
Sharing his vision, with high passion thrills;
It climbs, renouncing minor goods and ills,
And stands beside him at the crown of life.

To a new knighthood he ordains the brave,
To be soul-worthy of a freeman's birth—
Not for our wrongs alone, but that on earth
None shall be master, none shall be a slave.

But yesterday a secret of his heart,
His welcome message floods the globe like light;
It cheers the farthest darkness by its might;
Its boldness makes the undiscepted start.

Where it has spread, by sea or mountain side
Or by the bivouac of the caravan,
The lowliest feels a part of Heaven's plan
And stands erect with newly wakened pride.

Beleaguered Liberty takes heart again,
Hearing afar the rescuing bugles blow;
And even in the strongholds of the foe
His name becomes the whispered hope of men.

April 6, 1917.

THE SWORD OF LAFAYETTE

(INSCRIBED TO RAYMOND POINCARÉ, PRESIDENT OF
THE FRENCH REPUBLIC)

It was the time of our despair,
When lion-hearted Washington—
That man of patience and of prayer—
Looked sadly at each rising sun.
In all the freedom-breeding air,
Of hope and rescue there was none.
When lo!—as down from Heaven let,
There came the sword of Lafayette!

Our harbors—how they danced with light!
Our tireless bells—how they did ring!
Again we girded up to fight
Not England, but her Prussian king.
For here was succor, and the might
Of one great soul's imagining . . .
What wonder if our eyes be wet
To see the sword of Lafayette!

Upon the walls where Justice keeps
The swords she doth most gladly save,
Not one of all so deeply sleeps
Within the scabbard's honored grave

But, listening for her call, it leaps,
To live again among the brave.
Thank Heaven our naked blade is set
Beside the sword of Lafayette!

Not his, not ours, the brutal strife,
The vulgar greed of soil or dross;
The feet that follow drum and fife
Shall tread to nobler gain or loss.
'T is for the holiness of life
The Spirit calls us to the Cross.
Forget us, God, if we forget
The sacred sword of Lafayette.

April 17, 1917.

TO RUSSIA NEW AND FREE

(INSCRIBED TO MADAME BRESHKOVSKAYA)

LAND of the Martyrs—of the martyred dead
And martyred living—now of noble fame!
Long wert thou saddest of the nations, wed
To Sorrow as the fire to the flame.
Not yet relentless History had writ of Teuton shame.

Thou knewest all the gloom of hope deferred.
'Twixt God and Russia wrong had built such bar
Each by the other could no more be heard.
Seen through the cloud, the child's familiar star,
That once made Heaven near, had made it seem more
far.

Land of the Breaking Dawn! No more look back
To that long night that nevermore can be:
The sunless dungeon and the exile's track.
To the world's dreams of terror let it flee.
To gentle April cruel March is now antiquity.

Yet—of the Past one sacred relic save:
That boundary-post 'twixt Russia and Despair,—
Set where the dead might look upon his grave,—
Kissed by him with his last-breathed Russian air.
Keep it to witness to the world what heroes still may
dare.

Land of New Hope, no more the minor key,
No more the songs of exile long and lone;
Thy tears henceforth be tears of memory.
Sing, with the joy the joyless would have known
Who for this visioned happiness so gladly gave their
own.

Land of the warm heart and the friendly hand,
Strike the free chord: no more the muted strings!
Forever let the equal record stand—
A thousand winters for this Spring of Springs,
That to a warring world, through thee, millennial
longing brings.

On thy white tablets, cleansed of royal stain,
What message to the future mayst thou write!—
The People's Law, the bulwark of their reign,
And vigilant Liberty, of ancient might,
And Brotherhood, that can alone lead to the loftiest
height.

Take, then, our hearts' rejoicing overflow,
Thou new-born daughter of Democracy,
Whose coming sets the expectant earth aglow.
Soon the glad skies thy proud new flag shall see,
And hear thy chanted hymns of hope for Russia new
and free.

April 20, 1917.

THE VICTOR OF THE MARNE

(INSCRIBED TO JOSEPH JACQUES CÉSAIRE JOFFRE,
MARÉCHAL DE FRANCE)

COME, May, thou darling of the year,
In every land adored,
Bring us a draught of Nature's cheer
In brimming chalice poured ;
Lift high our welcome, while with flowers we wreath
a stainless sword.

Give us the spirit's wine to pledge
To him, the soul of France,
Who stood before disaster's edge,
Master of circumstance,
And faced, unfaltering, and won that hour's portentous
chance.

Grant us a halcyon day of blue,
With light and life aflame,
That, like the Spring, we may renew
The laurels of his fame,
Since now to think of Liberty is but to breathe his name.

Adown the bright and fluttering street
Let serried thousands throng,
And children march with eager feet
In phalanxes of song,
That Memory to their latest heirs his glorious deed
prolong.

If, for a breath, we crave relief
From War's transcendent woe,
Not less for France's noble grief
Our kindred tears shall flow.
We keep for timelier days the dirge our hearts too
keenly know.

Now, our thanksgiving to the Lord,—
Who, through the ages' round,
Doth choose the humble for his sword
The mighty to confound,—
That still the doom of Jericho the horns of Israel sound.

Thanks for the soul that on the field
Of lasting good or ill
Gave to the land that would not yield
His wisdom and his will,
Till Fate, confirming man's resolve, once more was
Freedom's shield.

And thanks of solemn joy be made
For those of every sky,
Who, building up our barricade,

Our bitter cup put by,
Till at their side we now have earned the privilege
to die.

Rejoice that, deaf to every lure,
At last we gladly stand
With those who make the Right secure,
Comrades in heart and hand,
Like them, Crusaders, sworn to save the greater Holy
Land.

Graves of the Marne! Oh, not in vain
Your broadcast seed was sown:
Already nations love as men:
Through you, forgot or known,
In spite of frontiers and of flags the world shall be
as one.

May 9, 1917.

TWO FLAGS UPON WESTMINSTER TOWERS

"THIS day is holy"—so sweet Spenser wrote,
Giving to Love the world's one bridal-song.
Ah! Could he see these flags together float
Where the gray pinnacles of England throng,
What bridal-song of nations would he sing!
How Shakespeare—through whose pageantry of
State
Trumpets of Freedom and of Justice ring—
Our "true minds' marriage" now would celebrate!

My country's poets, foes of tyranny,
For great and generous England raise your voice;
Be yours the apocalypse of Liberty—
A vision that shall call us to rejoice.
Divine the omens of the glorious years
From these free flags—if you can see for tears!

April 20, 1917.

THE CROWNED REPUBLIC

I

FORGIVE us, Italy, who have loved thee long,
Daughter of Beauty, Cynosure of Song,
That we who knew thee fair should not have known
thee strong.

For Beauty is no weakling, taking odds
From earthly Power and cringing at its nods,
But giver of sovereign laws to immemorial gods.

She is no mere contriver of design,
Of thrilling color or uplifting line ;
She sings within the soul a music all divine.

And when she sets the ardent youth aflame
With duty, brooking no unworthy aim,
She is but Justice honored by another name.

II

We should have read the roster of thy great
Who from mismated fragments inchoate
The fair mosaic made of thine harmonious state ;

Alike in nothing but in love of thee
While thou wert yet a dream of Liberty,
They gave thee all they were and all they hoped
to be :—

He of Savoy, first man and then a king ;
He of Caprera, armed with David's sling ;
He of Turin, who won with wise imagining ;

He of the Tuscan vineyards, firm as steel ;
And he of Genoa, priest of the common weal,
And he whose voice to Venice was a tocsin-peal.

O land for whom thy sons were fain to die
As lovers are to live ! No obloquy
Their secrets could unlock, their purpose turn awry.

In thy deep dungeons Freedom grew to might,
Nourished by darkness as the rose by light.
Would tyrants conquer Thought : they must abolish
Night.

Behind the bars where Settembrini dwelt,
Beside the chains whose scars Poerio felt,
Above the beds bereaved where dauntless women knelt,

Thine image, as in Dante's vision, shone—
The Italy that some day would be one,
When alien yoke was cleft and cruel sands were run.

III

Now, when the old oppressor of thy land
Had weakly chosen by his side to stand
Who holds the torch and bribe in either treacherous
hand,

Thought they to fright thee by war's awful price,
Or silence thee by lure of paradise—
Thee with thy glorious ancestry of sacrifice?

Forgive us, we were over-slow to scan
The incredible cunning of the monstrous plan
Whereby the spider State has set its web for Man;

But fallen are the scales, and now our heart
That with thee stormed the startled Alps, takes part
With glad and welcome aid from mint and mine and
mart.

And, haply, on thy waves our ships may dare
The iron shark within his stealthy lair
Till the freed seas forget what late was their despair.

Oh, fortunate if our torn flag be found
Comrade of thine on some embattled ground
Thenceforth by Garibaldi's memory made renowned.

What name in all thine epic history
But his to summon us and trumpet thee—
Who found his foster land what thou wert born to be!

Pillar of cloud and fire, his spirit soar'th
Above thy eager legions pressing forth
And cheers them on to save their brothers of the North.

O Crowned Republic, let us be of those
Who know and conquer all the people's foes—
Without, within—that dare the gates of Freedom
close.

June 8, 1917.

HYMN FOR AMERICA

WHERE 's the man, in all the earth—
Man of want or man of worth—
Who shall now to rank or birth
Knee of homage bend?
Though he war with chance or fate,
If his heart be free of hate,
If his soul with love be great,
He shall be our friend.

Where 's the man, of wealth or wage,
Dare be traitor to his age,
To the people's heritage
Won by war and woe,—
Counting but as private good
All the gain of brotherhood
By the base so long withstood?
He shall be our foe.

Where 's the man that does not feel
Freedom as the common weal,
Duty's sword the only steel
Can the battle end?
Comrades, chant in unison
Creed the noblest 'neath the sun:
"One for all and all for one,"
Till each foe be friend.

June 10, 1917.

A SONG FOR AMERICA

How comely is our motherland,
With joy for every eye!
O'er sunlit vales her mountains stand,
Her prairies kiss the sky.
From many an autumn-bordered lake
Her fair streams seek the shore.
We love her for her beauty's sake,
But most for something more.

What vigor in her throb and tread!
How dauntless is her mind!
She plants that continents be fed,
And never looks behind.
The magic of her lamp and tower
O'ermates Aladdin's lore.
We love her for her bounteous power,
But most for something more.

We love her for her tender heart,
That thrills at Pity's call,
Her will that Freedom's goodly part
Shall be the share of all.

.
Lord of the stricken world, we ask,
(Proud peace or holy war),
Renew her might for every task
And guard her as of yore.

June 16, 1917.

AMERICA IN FRANCE

"Oh, to be in England now that April 's there!"

BROWNING.

OH, to be in Paris now that Pershing 's there!
 To hear the waves of welcome that greet him every-
 where;
 To see the children and the girls a-pelting him with
 flowers,
 And feel that every petal is meant for us and ours;
 To know the brave smile 's come again to worn and
 widowed France,
 Whose banners—now, thank Heaven! with ours—are
 all that 's left to dance;
 That war, that wakens hate in those who fight for love
 of war,
 Has made a wider world of love than ever was before;
 To see this love find moving voice in living epigram:
 The Poilu and the Tommy and the Son of Uncle Sam,
 In a comradeship of Paris streets, like modern
 Musketeers,
 That, however near to laughter, is n't very far from
 tears;
 To see our flag that stood for faith now stand at last
 for works,
 And prove that, at the pinch of things, we have no
 place for shirks;

To hear the hymn we sang so long, secure in sentiment,
Played proudly to a land that learns how grimly it is
 meant.

Oh, 't is a thrill to die upon, to help repay the debt
We owe the gallant memory of the boyish Lafayette,—
To know that we are brothers, in spite of race or
 tongue,
To make the round world safe for Man . . . O God,
 that I were young!

TO THE SPIRIT OF LUTHER

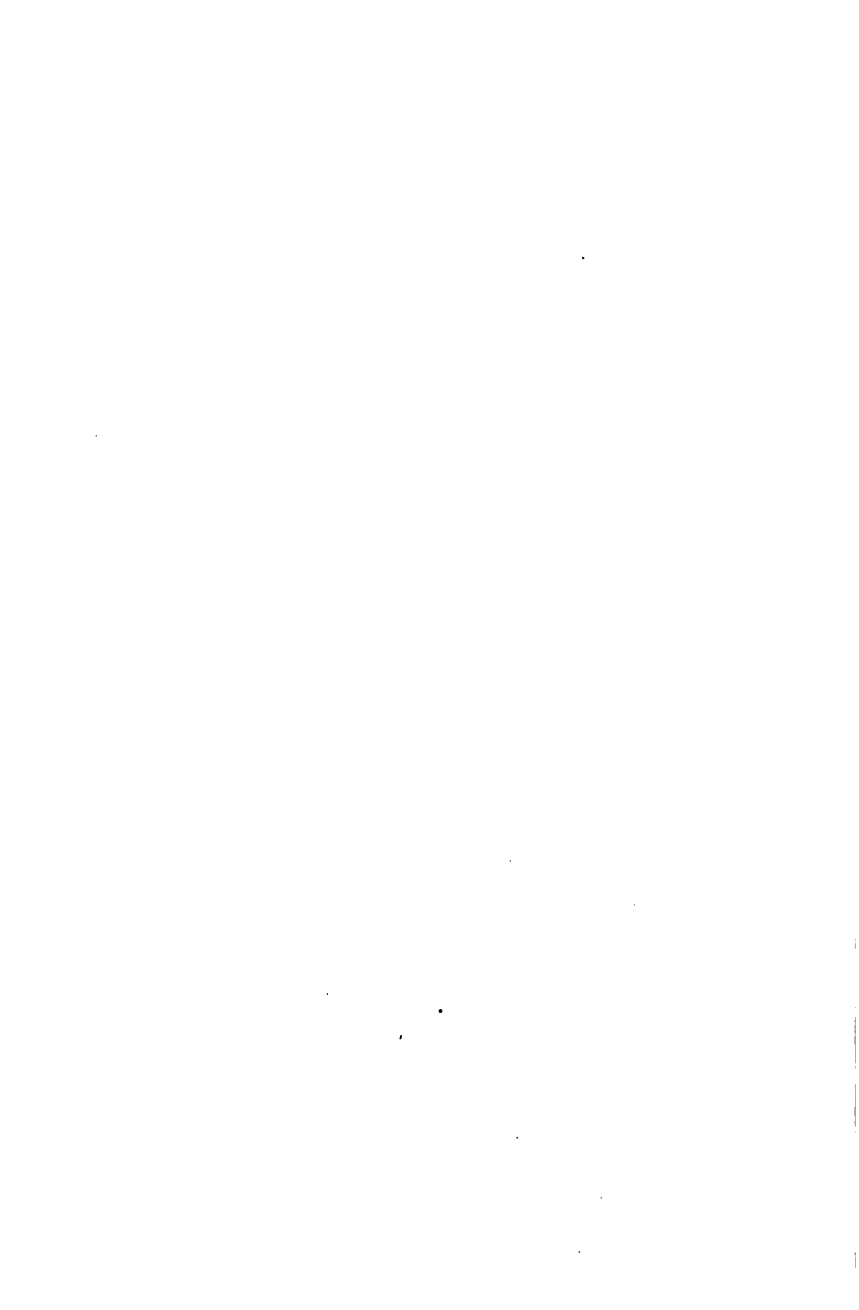
ON LEARNING OF THE REPORTED APPEAL OF GERMANY TO
MATRONS AND MAIDENS TO GIVE THEMSELVES "OFFICIALLY"
TO THE PROPAGATION OF THE RACE, UNDER IMMUNITY
FROM THE LAW

LUTHER, come back to thy degenerate land,
And see, as one who learned to love it sees,
How it is sunk in crimes and cruelties,
Lured by false glory to the soul's quicksand.
The thunder Wittenberg could not withstand—
Can it be silent when all honor flees
And State, not Church, tempts with indulgences?
Is there no lightning in the thunder's hand?

What though they sing thy hymn who follow goals
Of empire, futile numbers, godless power?
Rescue thy people in the basest hour
That ever Time has written on her scrolls.
Let the mad miscreants at thine anger cower!
Brutes breed them bodies: who shall breed them souls?

May 14, 1917.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS



A TEACHER¹

(INSCRIBED TO THE BEAUTIFUL MEMORY OF ONE WHO
GAVE HER LIFE TO HER WORK)

Go praise the Hero, ye who may :
I sing the Teacher,—one for whom
The morrow was but more to-day,—
Whose fainting labor showed the way
To pluck one's gladness from his doom.

The leisure others gave to joy
She gave to toil : to fill the day
With wine of wisdom her employ.
She, once as merry as a boy,
Had long forgotten how to play.

I see her when the scurrying band
Have left her, weary and alone,
Her pale cheek pillowed on her hand,
Watching the wistful evening land
Without repining, tear, or moan.

¹ Read before the Annual Convention of the National Education Association, Madison Square Garden, New York, July 6, 1916.

Mayhap her spirit, never sad,
 (Ah, what a challenge memory stirs!)
Demanded why grim fate forbade
Her motherhood, who gave each lad
 The love she might have given hers.

She dwelt within a lifelong dream
 Of seeing lands of far romance,—
Of loitering by Arno's stream,
Of catching Athens' sunset gleam
 That can alone its fame enhance.

Still, an uncloistered nun she went,
 With naught more fretful than a sigh,
And in her happy task she spent
Her sweetness, like some rose's scent
 In sacred treasury laid by.

Her pure devotion did not gauge
 Her service by her daily need ;
And not her scanty, grudging wage,
Nor spectre of forsaken Age,
 Could take the beauty from her creed.

She faced her calling as it stood—
 Incessant, onerous, obscure ;
Content if she but sometime could
Be silent partner with the Good,
 Whose victory was to her so sure.

She knew that all who reach the height
The path of sympathy have trod ;
And pondered, many a wakeful night,
How she could aid with gentle might
The unseen miracles of God.

What though she might not wait the fruit?
What though she went before the flower?
She gave the timbre to the lute,
And in the voice that else were mute
Divined the rare, supernal power.

Of all she lent her strength, a few
Shall wear her name as amulet.
How many more who struggle through,
Remembering not to whom 't is due,
Shall still keep memory of the debt !

Oh, could we know of life the whole
Hid record, what an envied place
Were yours upon the honor scroll,
Ye faithful sentries of the soul,
Ye childless mothers of the race !

TO A POET AT THE PIANO

(K. O.)

"Not all unhappy," said one wise of heart,
"Who in his spendthrift season learned an art."
What, then, doth not the Future keep for you
Whose ardent days give mastery of two?

Into your open window by the sea
What wonder Music came, and Poetry—
Rhythm from island winds and breakers' might;
Grace from the sea grass and the swallows' flight;

Calm from the summer stars, that seem as near
As Heaven itself is on a Christmas clear;
Joy, Love, and Hope! May these about you throng
And fill the measure of each two-fold song.

SIASCONSET, August, 1916.

TO A STUDENT OF KANT

(WRITTEN IN A VOLUME OF THE AUTHOR'S POEMS)

ISABELLA LEAVENWORTH,
What were earth or heaven worth
To a poet if none heed
His discourse? But if thou read,
In the pauses of thy tea,
Finding some coincidence
Twixt mine and Kant's philosophy,
Shall I care if critics claim
It has neither sound nor sense?
Ah, this copy has no shame
Since it holds thy lovely name
With its brooklet sound of cheer,
And shall know the sweet surprise
Of fathoming thy tranquil eyes,
Seen by it as it by thee.
As for cents—ah, well—my dear
Isabella Leavenworth,
In any auction it may be
Surely six or seven worth,
And in some not distant year,—
When (each within a cozy nook)
Under dust lie bard and book—
Asking who "this Johnson" was,
Men shall call it "rare" because,
Haply, once 't was owned by thee,
Isabella Leavenworth.

"AND THEN?"

'T is time for a story, as one may know
From Robbity-bobbity's evening glow,
His rounder eyes and his open mouth,
As he begs, "Now, Bonpapa, 'Once on a time.' "
So off goes our ship for the golden South,
For parrots and fruits of a tropic clime,
For wrecks and treasure and tattooed men.
And at each adventure he cries, "And then?"

For a breathless tale you must tell to him,
Robbity-bobbity six and slim.
And if for a second you happen to pause
For a missing word or some other cause,
Or, hushing your voice to a whisper of awe,
At a thrilling moment venture to stop:
The hunter in reach of the grizzly's claw,
Or Jack at the beanstalk's very top,
Or the knight at the mouth of the dragon's den,
He will eagerly urge you on—"And then?"

When I tell how the night-wind gave alarm
And scared the thief of the Golden Arm;
Or how Brer Rabbit his wit would match
With Brer Fox in the briar patch;

Or how the monkeys got over the stream,
Or the crabs gave a dance (they were so delighted
That Ma had escaped through the crab-net seam) —
When the Catfish came that was n't invited —
He will cock his head like a Jenny Wren
And shake his curls, and plead, "And then?"

Oh, Robbity-bobbity looks so wise
From the deep, dark pools of his sunlit eyes
As he asks the wherefore of everything:
"Why grass is green?" "Why sparrows sing?"
"Why do the squirrels climb the tree?"
"Why does the food make little boys strong?"
"What was there there before the sea?"
But this is his puzzle the whole day long:
"What 's after the counting? You count again
Millions and millions more? And then?"

He 's a philosopher, Robbity-b:
His fancy goes farther than sages see:
A sequel to every story's end:
A journey beyond the road's last bend.
Let bookmen chatter and try to prove
There is n't a future life or place:
Their logical ignorance never could move
The faith from this boy's transfigured face.
Tell him that Death is the last we ken:
He would challenge their doubt with his wise
"And then?"

THE PLEA OF THE DEFENDANT

(ON A PICTURE OF A MUZZLED PUPPY ENTITLED "ALL I DID
WAS GROWL A LITTLE BIT")

YES, here I 'm muzzled, fast and tight,
From North to South, from West to East—
I, who have hardly learned to bite,
And never harmed a human beast.
They said, because I ran and hid,
I went to have a private fit;
They called me mad, when all I did
Was growl a little bit.

And when they doused me soaking wet,
They poked me out with pole and broom,
And caught me in a horrid net,
And dragged me to a dirty room.
And when I panted as I slid,
They said "Aha!" and kicked and hit
And used the hose. But all I did
Was growl a little bit.

But Freddy, when they went away,
Brought a big rag to sop me up,
And lovely waffles on a tray,
And new milk in a china cup.

He fed me through the net, dear kid,
And said, "Now take some more of it."
I could n't thank him: all I did
Was growl a little bit.

It hurts me most to make my bed
In such a dusty, dirty mess.
For "cleanliness," my father said,
"Is next, my dears, to dogliness.
Now, puppies, do as you are bid,"
He said; "be gentledogs or quit."
Of course he knew that all I did
Was growl a little bit.

"Don't get big heads like Cerberus,
Or bay the Dog-star late at night;
Be brave, and don't be quarrelous,
But when you 're forced to fighting, fight."
I 've sniffed at many a pantry-lid,
And barked at cats that scream and spit,
But this time, surely, all I did
Was growl a little bit.

There 's a fine place, my mother thinks,
Where good dogs go when they are dead.
But my wise father only blinks
And gnaws his bone, and shakes his head.
But they agree I 'll not be chid
Up there, nor muzzled, kicked, or hit,
If it is sure that all I did
Was growl a little bit.

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CARPE DIEM

(TO AN OVER-STUDIOUS YOUNG WOMAN)

COME, dainty maid, come, leave your books,
And give the day to me ;
Your knitted brow and distant looks
For these few hours let be.

Your beauty shall not always stay,
Your loveliness delight ;
May even now hastes on her way
And sunshine leads to night.

The treasures of your mind and heart,
Got freely, freely give,
Nor follow Science when an Art
Allures you—how to live.

Upon your laboratory shelf
Let hidden problems wait ;
Find the sweet mystery of yourself
Ere it evaporate.

Come, rest beside the singing stream ;
Give me your rarest hour ;
Till May, in blue and green, shall dream
You are another flower.

May, 1917.

THE LITTLE ROOM OF DREAMS

I

NEXT to the shelving roof it stood—
My boyhood's cozy bed ;
So near I felt the serried storm
Go charging o'er my head.
'T is fifty summers, yet I hear
The branch against the pane,
The midnight owl, the thunder crash,
The rhythm of the rain.

The golden apples long desired
Fell thumping from the trees,
Till Dream transformed them to the fruit
Of fair Hesperides.
The owl within his chimney porch
Became Minerva's own,
The lightning was the bolt of Jove,
Each tree a dryad's groan.

From there the flames of Troy were seen,
There Salamis was won ;
Now Hannibal would cross the Alps,
And now Napoleon.

On Valley Forge's scene of prayer
My winter window gave;
Red Jacket there was eloquent,
And Osceola, brave.

Who could divine that from my sill
Fought wounded Ivanhoe?—
That there I saw Sir Galahad
Gleam in the moon, below?
Who knew that I was veteran
Of Bayard's noble strife?—
That there for many a hapless maid
I offered up my life?

There, too, I knew the midnight trance
Of not unwholesome grief,
(Since tears for others' sorrow shed
Bring to our own, relief):
I felt the lash on Uncle Tom,
And mourned Don Quixote's fall;
With David wept for Absalom,
With Dombey, Little Paul.

More oft a father's bedtime lore
So filled with joy the night,
I woke at dawn from rosy dreams
Expectant of delight.
For I had roamed the enchanted wood
With Puck or Rosalind,
Or shared with dainty Ariel
The visions of the wind.

II

Another little bed I know—
With dreams I never knew—
That holds a maid as brave and fair
As she Carpaccio drew.
Her fragrant pillow oft I seek
To find its magic power,
As one recalls a day of youth
By the perfume of a flower.

The beasts that did my sleep affright
Are from her fancy hid.
She finds the jungle full of friends,
As little Mowgli did.
For her the Æsop of our day
Summons his crafty clan.
The Blue-Bird is her happy goal,
Her hero, Peter Pan.

What visions of a spirit world
About her slumber float,
Pure as the Swan whose Silver Knight
Glides in a silver boat!
There, too,—most blessed of the dreams
That have the world beguiled,—
An Angel with a lily kneels
To greet the Holy Child.

Far be the time when care and toil
 Shall wrest these joys away,
Whereby this darling of my blood
 Makes yesterday to-day.
For ah—so near the things that be
 Are to the things that seem—
Soon I to her, as Youth to me,
 Shall be a thing of dream.

III

O Thou, the Father of us all,
 Whose many mansions wait,
To whose dear welcome each must come
 A child, at Heaven's gate:
In that fair house not made with hands
 Whatever splendor beams,
Out of Thy bounty keep for me
 A little room of dreams.

TO THE AMERICAN POETS
OF TO-DAY

COMRADES mine of Muse and Land,
When the wanton war-drum sounded
And the world fell back astounded
At a fate so lightly planned,
Heralds of the Right in song,
Were you silent at the wrong?

Comrades mine of Land and Muse,
When the mailed and haughty giant
Crushed the weak but uncompliant,
Did you falter which to choose?
Did the cult of Art for Art
Halt the tempest of your heart?

No, you left your joy untold,
Left Love's pondered rhyme impending,
Left unpraised the summer's blending
Into roadside blue and gold.
What were Nature, Love and Song
In the presence of such wrong?

At each Teuton perfidy
Trembled your swift lines with scorning.
Lowell's vision, Webster's warning

Made you seers of Liberty:
Others doubted: you divined
The awful cross of humankind.

When the dragon, War, is dead,
 Though the haunting slain be counted
 Like the stars, and grief hath mounted
Higher than the Jungfrau's head,
History shall search your song
To find the measure of the wrong.

August 8, 1917.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE NEW
CHIVALRY

WHAT does our soldier take to war?
So much we cannot give him more:
Thanks, that in him a sword we draw
Tempered by liberty and law;
Faith in his honor, that is ours—
A letter writ to baleful powers;
Envy, that he it is, not we,
To welcome peril over-sea;
Pride, that our land shall worship long
At altars by his valor strong;
Love, that in absence is more dear
And made more tender by its fear;
His country's praises, spirit-pure,
In life or death, for him secure:
These shall go with him, and what more
Could knightly soldier take to war?



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